

DAREDEVIL[®]

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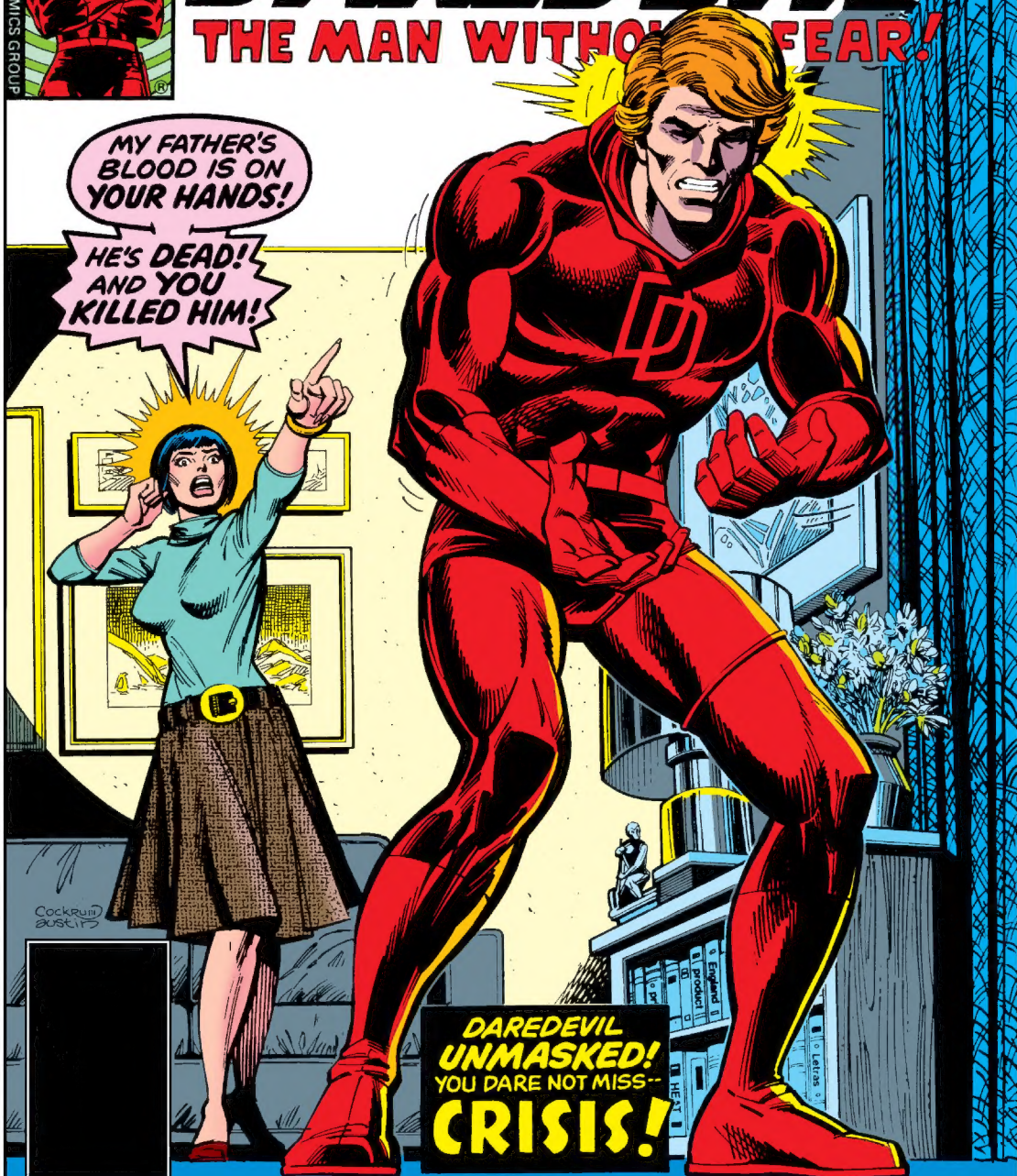
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DAREDEVIL[®]

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

MY FATHER'S
BLOOD IS ON
YOUR HANDS!

HE'S DEAD!
AND YOU
KILLED HIM!



DAREDEVIL
UNMASKED!
YOU DARE NOT MISS--
CRISIS!

Cockrum
Bustip

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

GIL KANE & JIM SHOOTER - PLOT * ROGER MCKENZIE - SCRIPT * GIL KANE & KLAUS JANSON - ART * BRUCE LETTERS & KLAUS - COLORS * ARCHIE GOODWIN - EDITING

CRISIS!

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: UNDER THE UNCANNY INFLUENCE OF KILLGRAVE--THE PURPLE MAN--MAXWELL GLENN ARRANGED THE KIDNAPPING OF DEBBIE HARRIS...

...HOWEVER, WHEN DAREDEVIL RESCUED THE HAPLESS GIRL, KILLGRAVE FLED-- LEAVING BEHIND AN INNOCENT MAXWELL GLENN FULLY BELIEVING IN HIS OWN GUILT.

SO MATT MURDOCK CAME HERE--TO HEATHER GLENN'S APARTMENT-- TO PROVE TO THE WOMAN HE LOVES THAT HER FATHER HAS BEEN WRONGLY IMPRISONED. EVEN IF, BY DOING SO, HE MUST REVEAL THAT DAREDEVIL AND HE ARE ONE AND THE SAME.

BUT A TERSE PHONE CALL HAS JUST ALTERED MATTERS... TRAGICALLY!

MATT?
IS THAT
YOU--

--MATT?

DID YOU HEAR ME,
MR. MURDOCK? MAXWELL
GLENN COMMITTED
SUICIDE--
H-HE'S DEAD!



MATT-- THAT COSTUME?! I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

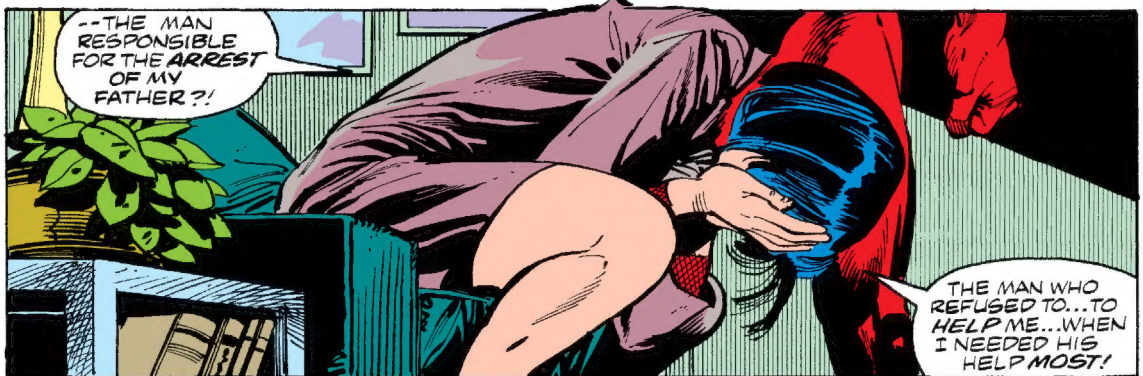
Y-YOU'RE NOT... YOU COULDN'T BE!

HEATHER, PLEASE, LET ME EXPLAIN!



EXPLAIN? HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY EXPLAIN THAT MATT MURDOCK, THE MAN I THOUGHT I KNEW... AND LOVED...

...IS DAREDEVIL--



--THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARREST OF MY FATHER?!

THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO... TO HELP ME... WHEN I NEEDED HIS HELP MOST!



IT ISN'T LIKE THAT, HEATHER...

...YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME.

H-HOW, MATT? TELL ME, AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, HOW CAN I?



SURE, MURDOCK, GO AHEAD. ANSWER HER

YOU'RE A LAWYER. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW ALL THE RIGHT WORDS.

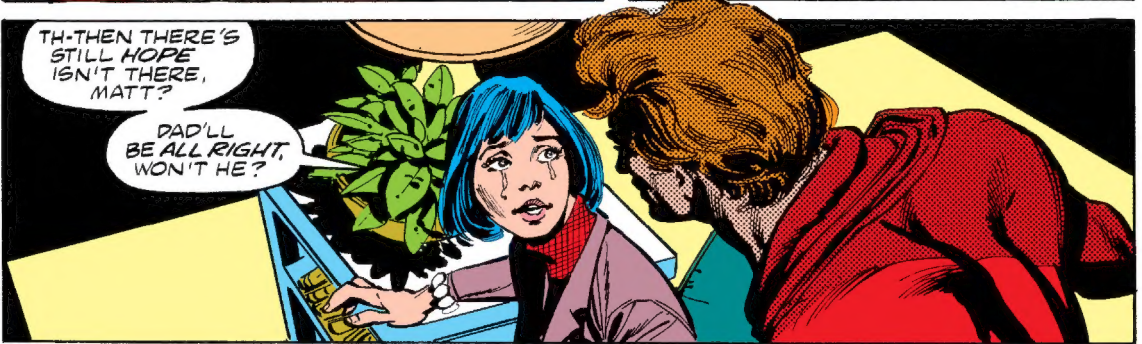
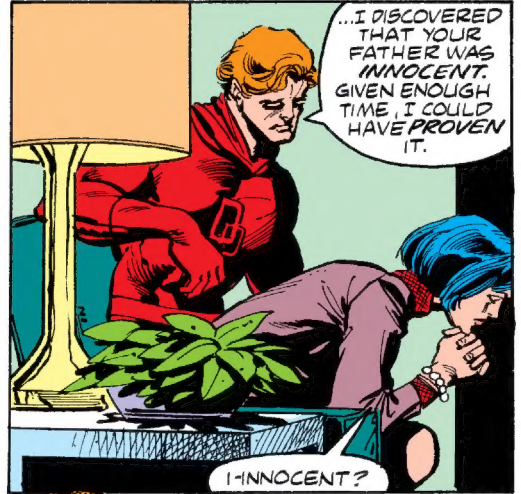
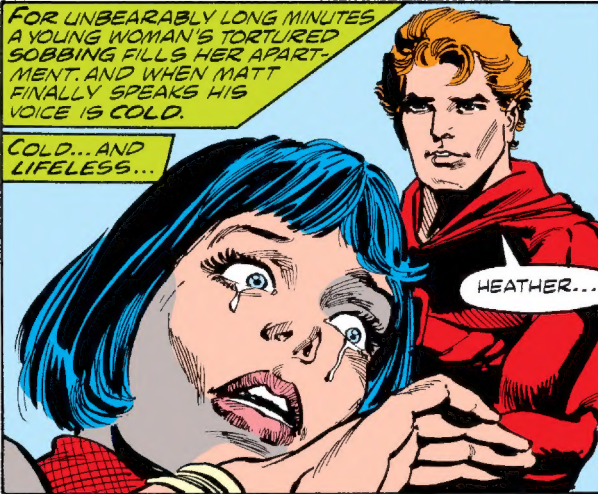


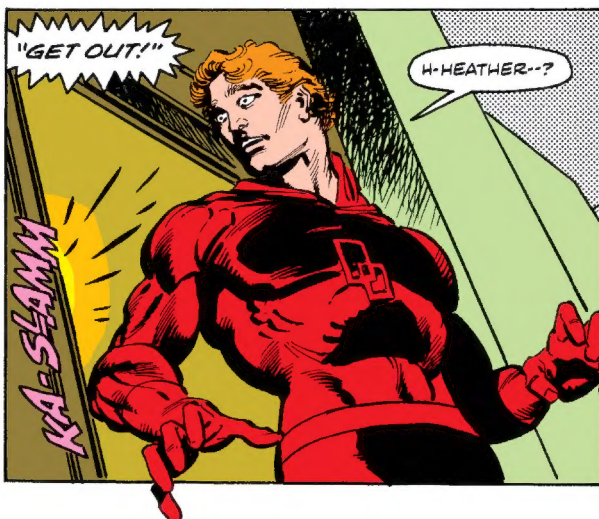
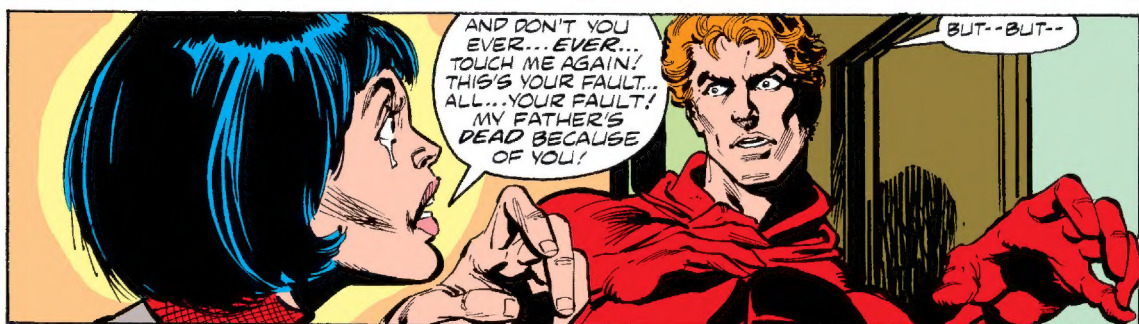
TELL HER YOU FAILED HER... AND MAXWELL GLENN... AND JUST ABOUT EVERYONE WHO'S EVER MEANT ANYTHING TO YOU!

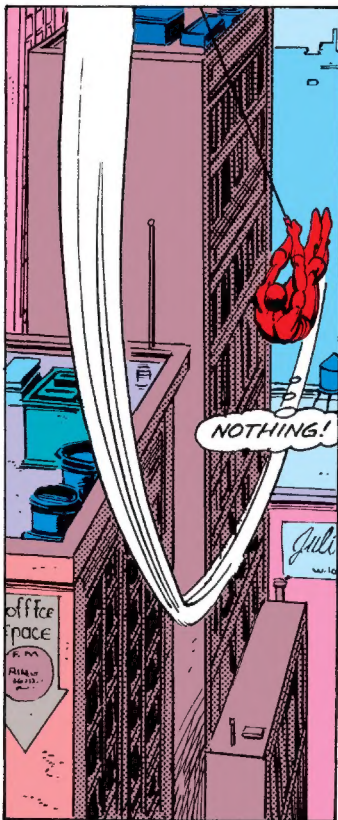
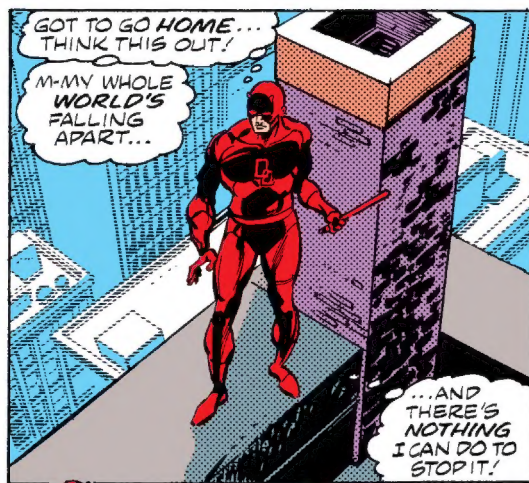
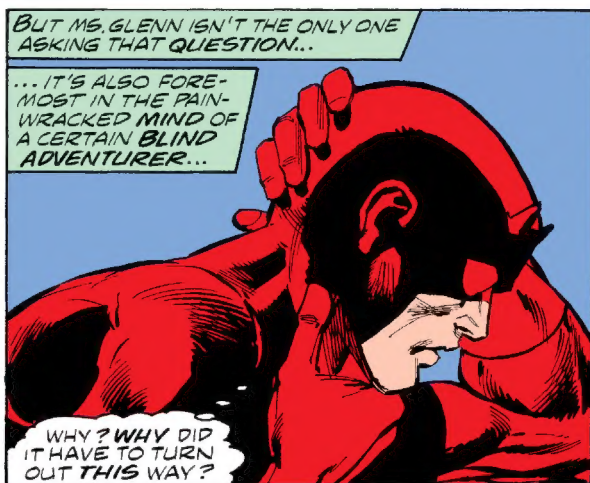
TELL HER HOW YOU LET THE PURPLE MAN SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS, YOU BLEW IT, HERO, BUT GOOD. AND WORSE, YOU'VE CAUSED INNOCENT PEOPLE TO SUFFER NEEDLESSLY BECAUSE OF IT.

FOR UNBEARABLY LONG MINUTES A YOUNG WOMAN'S TORTURED SOBBING FILLS HER APARTMENT. AND WHEN MATT FINALLY SPEAKS HIS VOICE IS COLD.

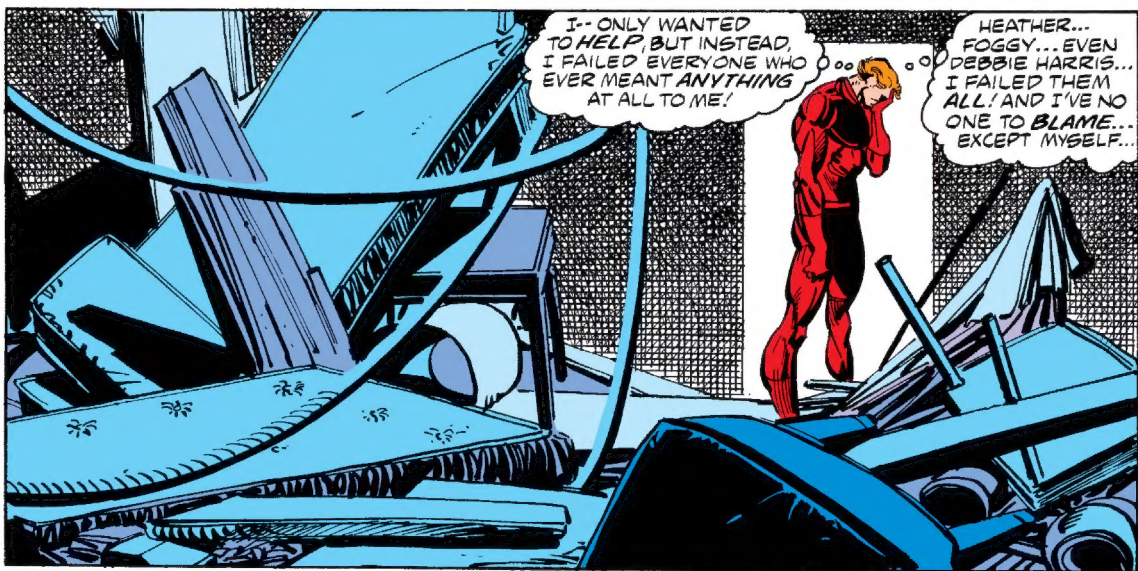
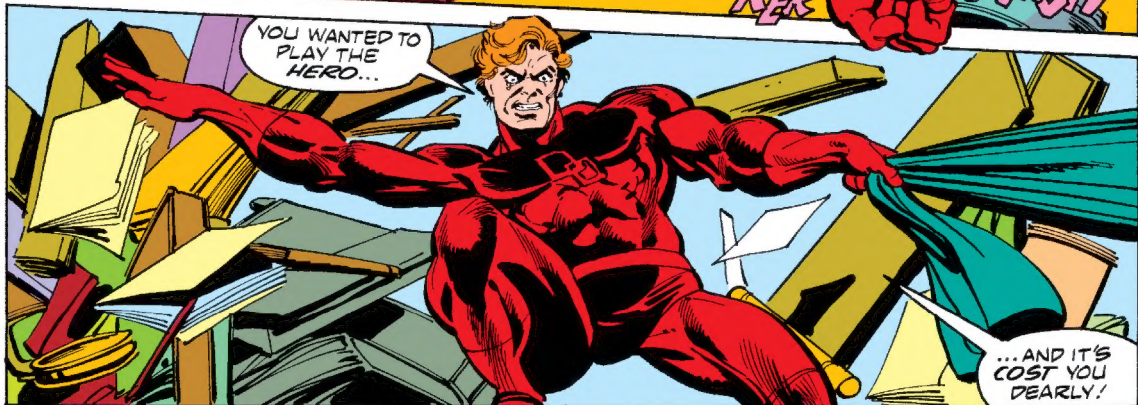
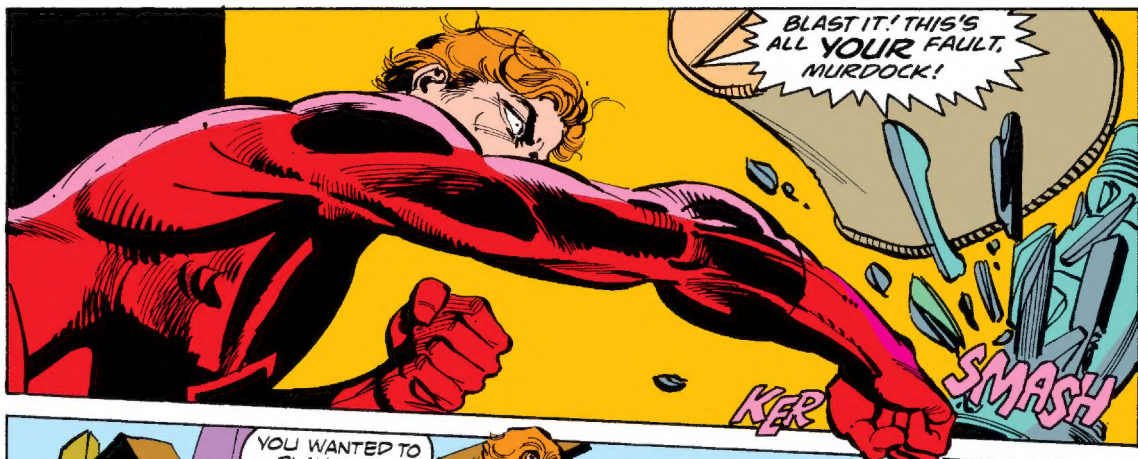
COLD...AND LIFELESS...

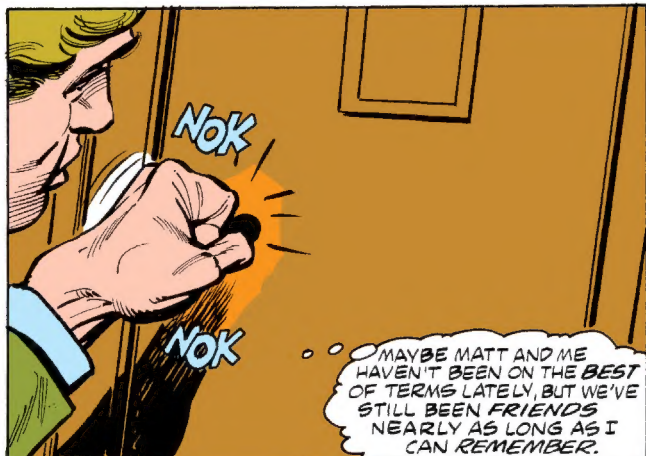
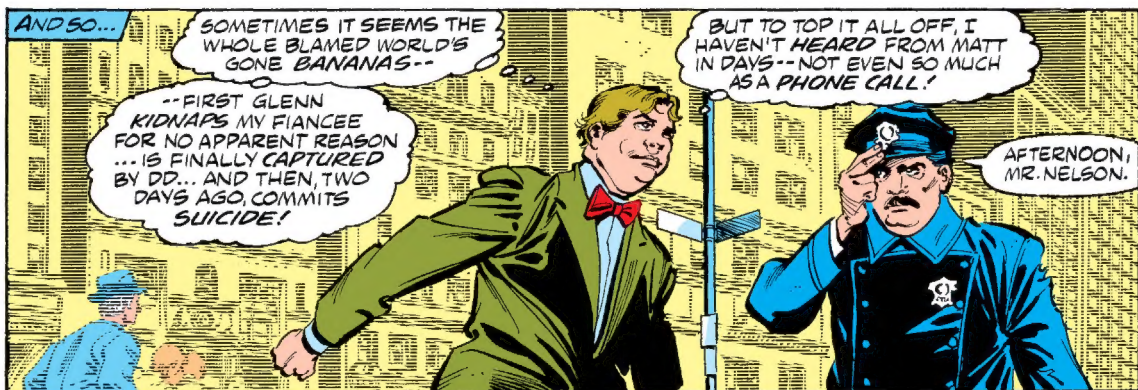




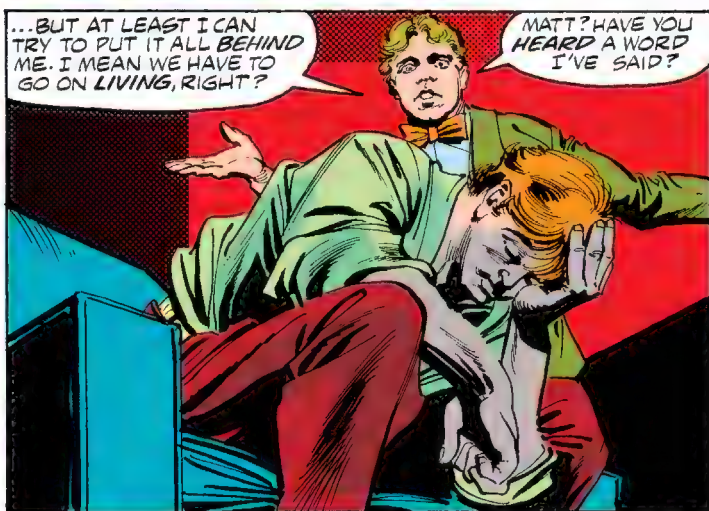
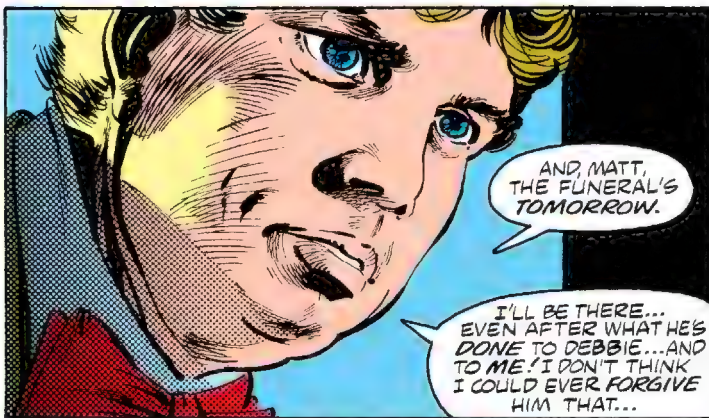


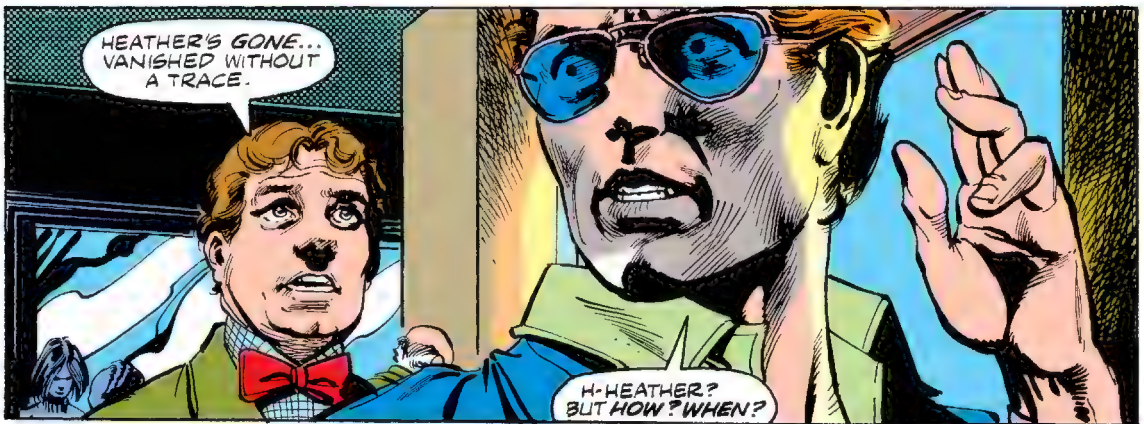
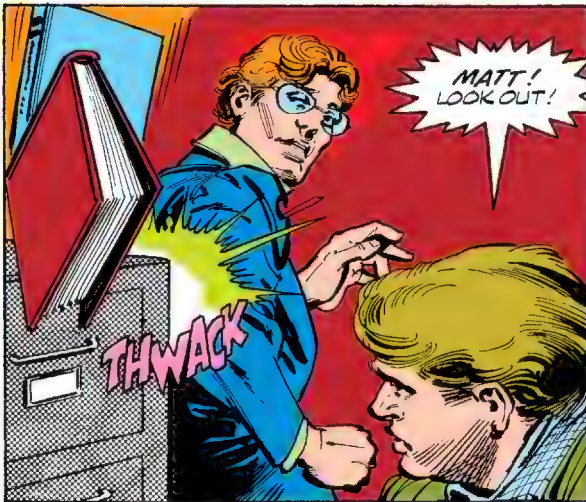
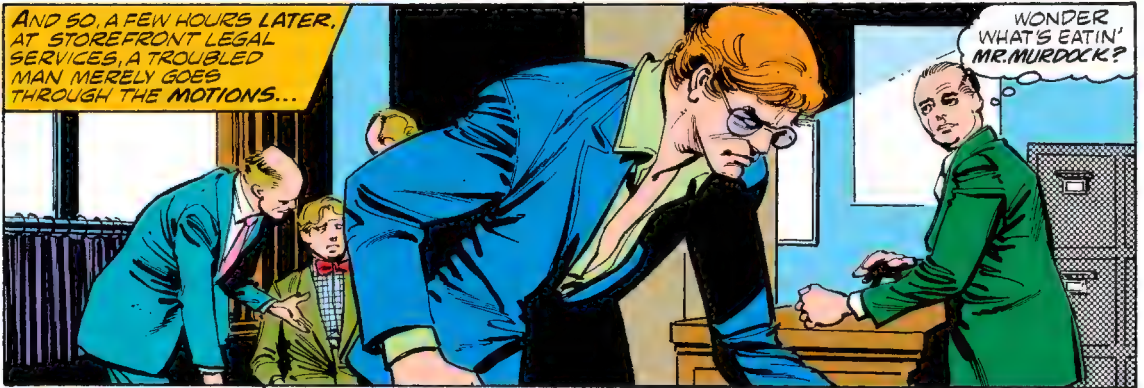
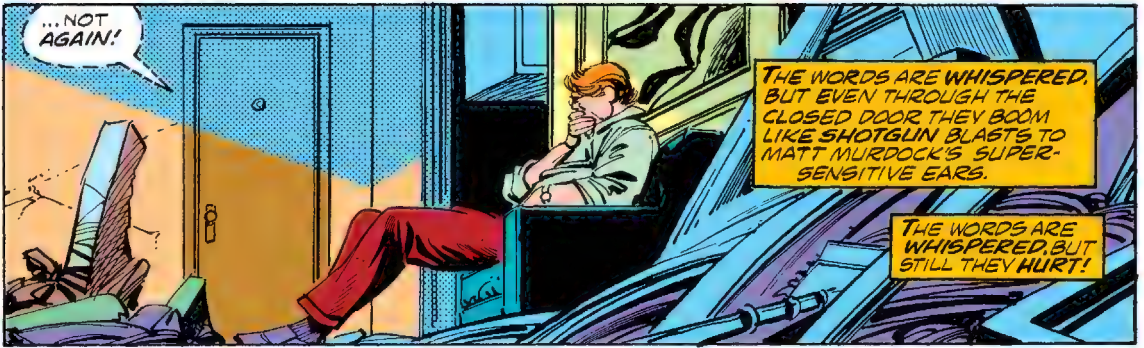


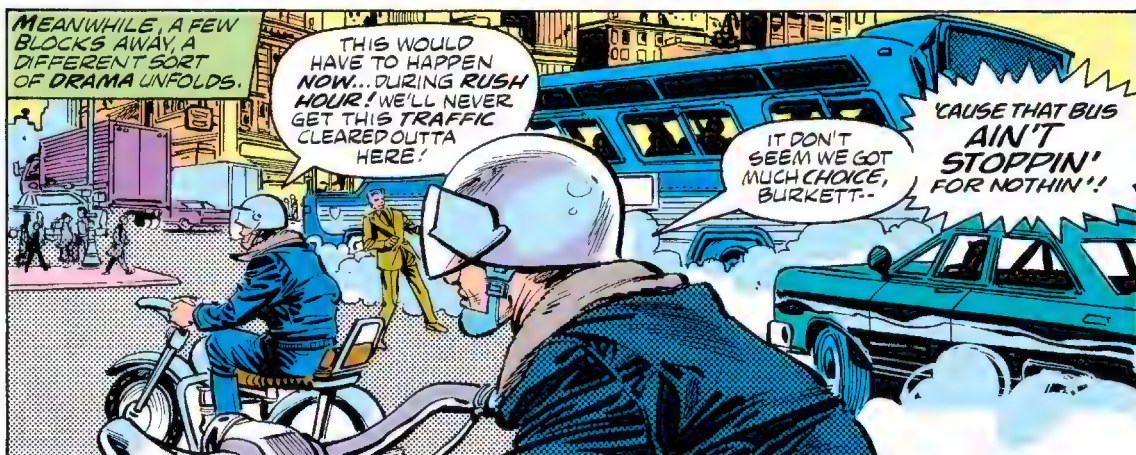
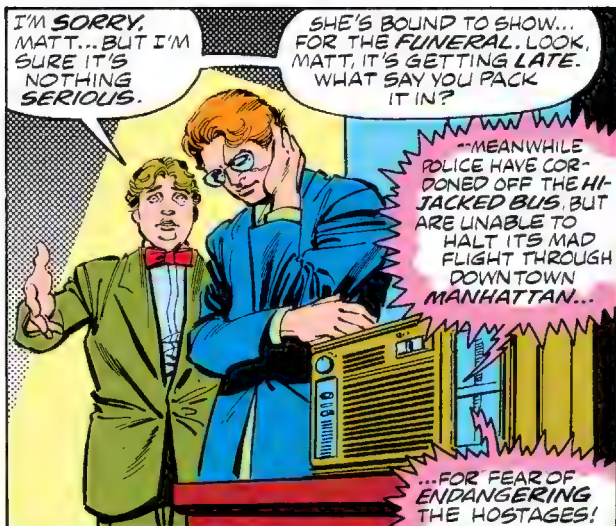


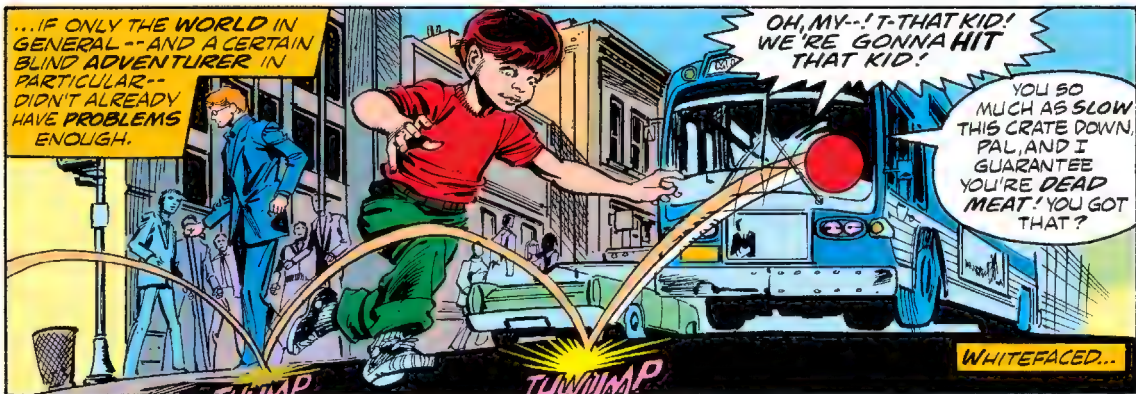












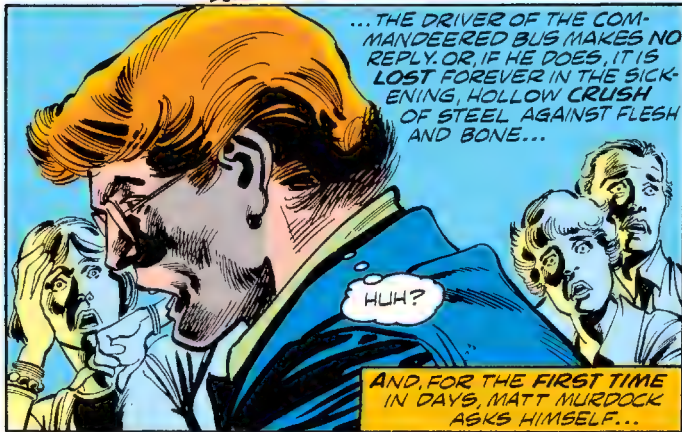
...IF ONLY THE WORLD IN GENERAL--AND A CERTAIN BLIND ADVENTURER IN PARTICULAR--DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE PROBLEMS ENOUGH.

OH, MY--! T-THAT KID! WE'RE GONNA HIT THAT KID!

YOU SO MUCH AS SLOW THIS CRATE DOWN, PAL, AND I GUARANTEE YOU'RE DEAD MEAT! YOU GOT THAT?

WHITEFACED...

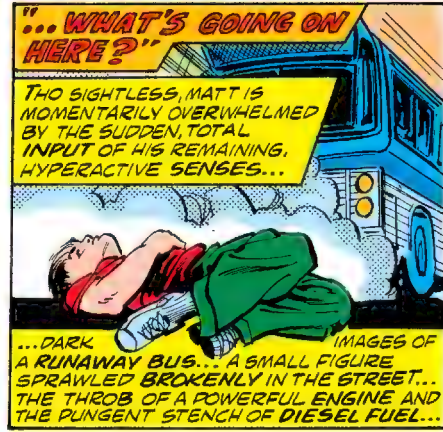
THUMP THWUMP



...THE DRIVER OF THE COM-MANDEERED BUS MAKES NO REPLY, OR, IF HE DOES, IT IS LOST FOREVER IN THE SICK-ENING, HOLLOW CRUSH OF STEEL AGAINST FLESH AND BONE...

HUH?

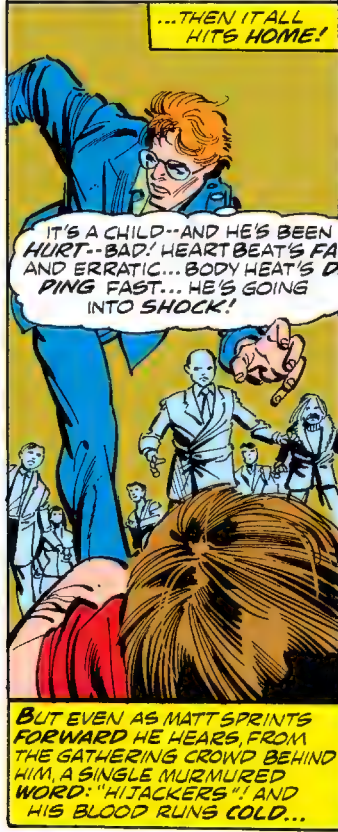
AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS, MATT MURDOCK ASKS HIMSELF...



...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?"

THE SIGHTLESS, MATT IS MOMENTARILY OVERWHELMED BY THE SUDDEN, TOTAL INPUT OF HIS REMAINING, HYPERACTIVE SENSES...

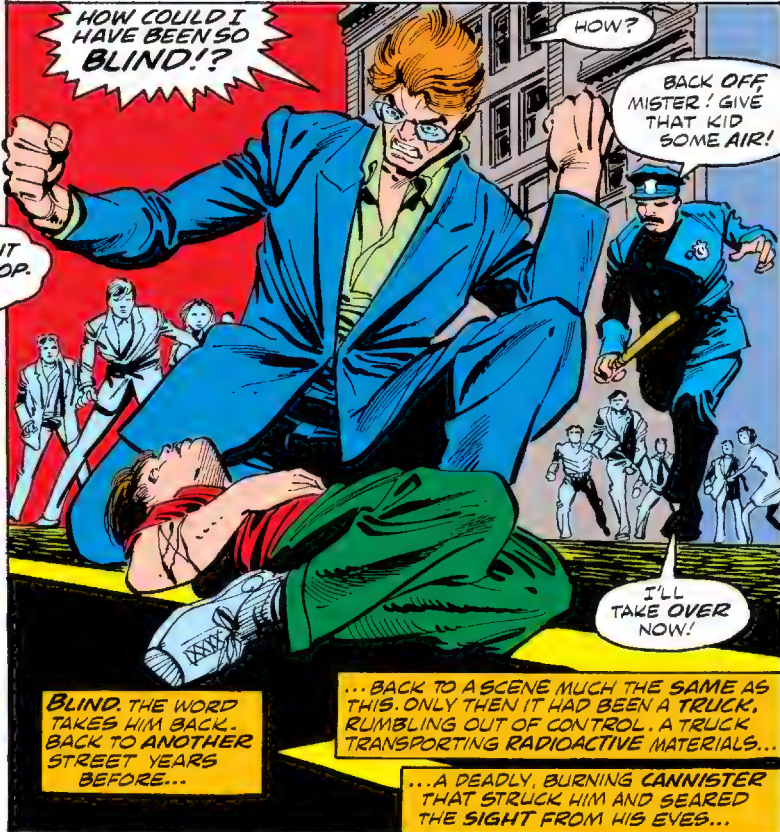
...DARK IMAGES OF A RUNAWAY BUS... A SMALL FIGURE SPRAWLED BROKENLY IN THE STREET... THE THROB OF A POWERFUL ENGINE AND THE PUNGENT STENCH OF DIESEL FUEL...



...THEN IT ALL HITS HOME!

IT'S A CHILD--AND HE'S BEEN HURT--BAD! HEART BEATS FAINT AND ERRATIC... BODY HEAT'S DROP-PING FAST... HE'S GOING INTO SHOCK!

BUT EVEN AS MATT SPRINTS FORWARD HE HEARS, FROM THE GATHERING CROWD BEHIND HIM, A SINGLE MURMURED WORD: "HIT JACKERS!" AND HIS BLOOD RUNS COLD...



HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND!?

HOW?

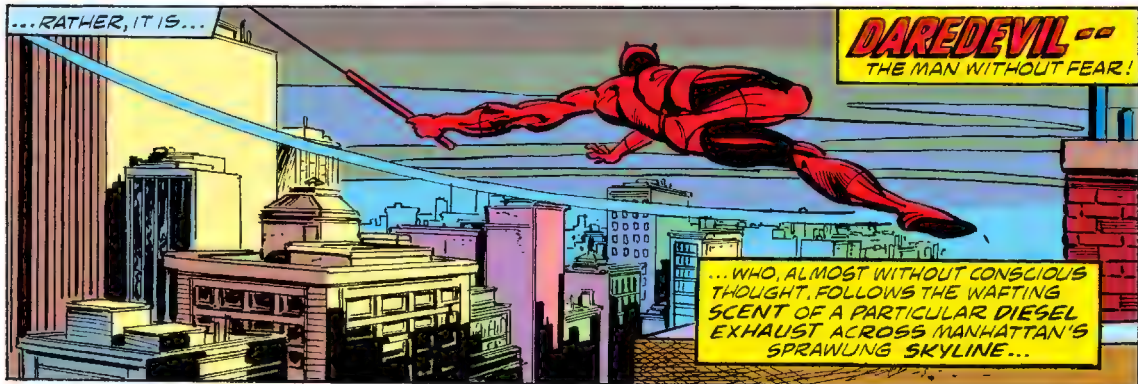
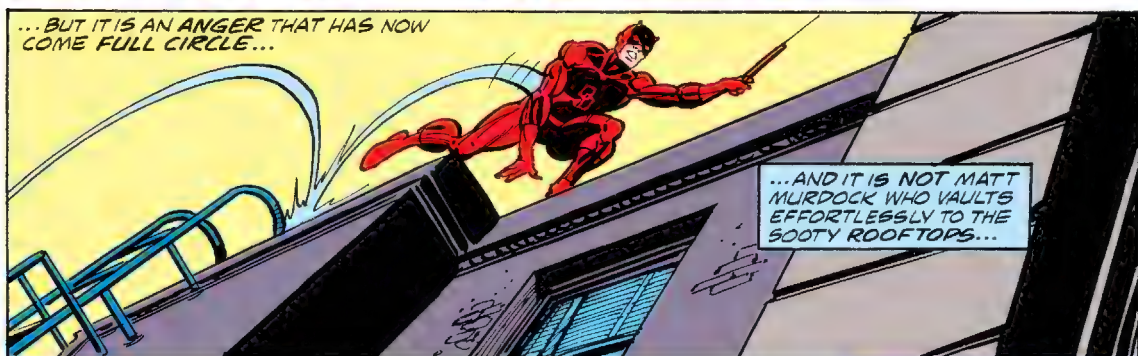
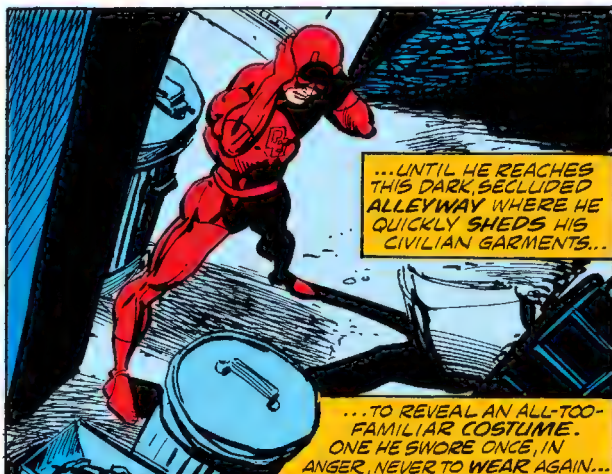
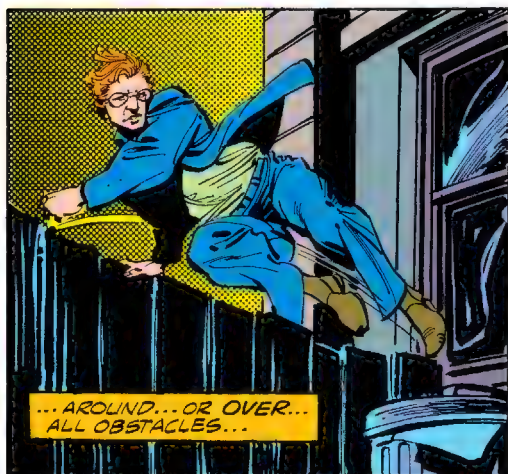
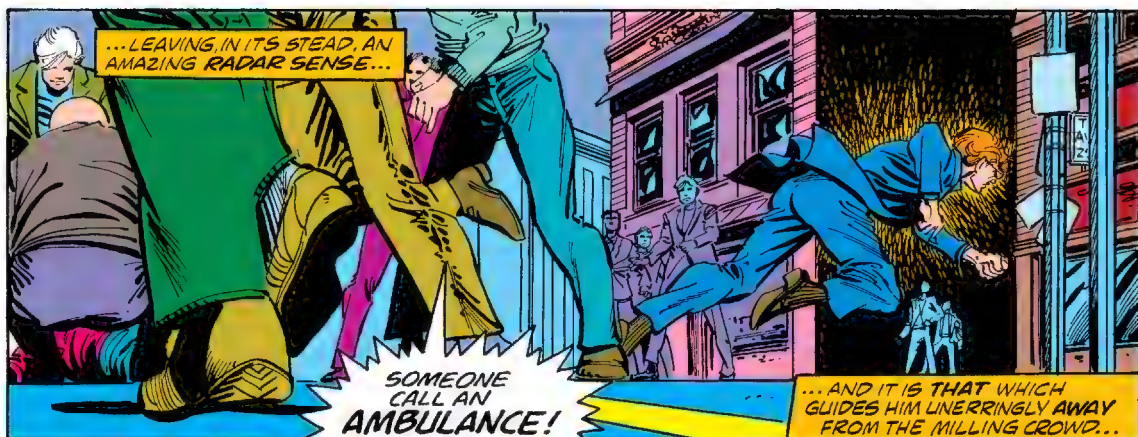
BACK OFF MISTER! GIVE THAT KID SOME AIR!

I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

BLIND. THE WORD TAKES HIM BACK. BACK TO ANOTHER STREET YEARS BEFORE...

...BACK TO A SCENE MUCH THE SAME AS THIS. ONLY THEN IT HAD BEEN A TRUCK, RUMBLING OUT OF CONTROL. A TRUCK TRANSPORTING RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS...

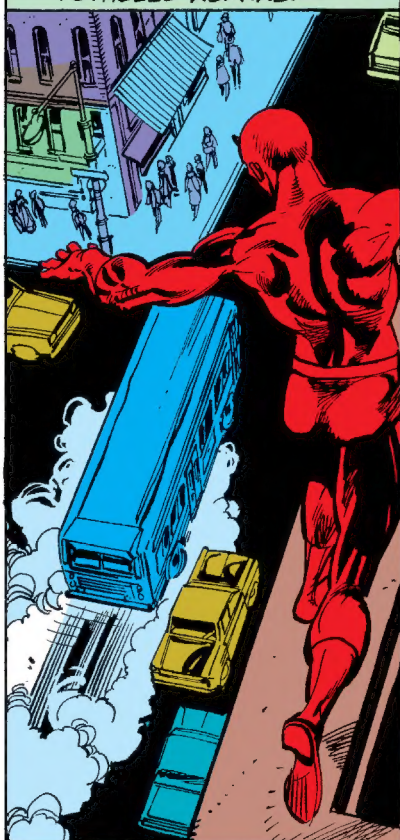
...A DEADLY, BURNING CANNISTER THAT STRUCK HIM AND SEARED THE SIGHT FROM HIS EYES...



DAREDEVIL --
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

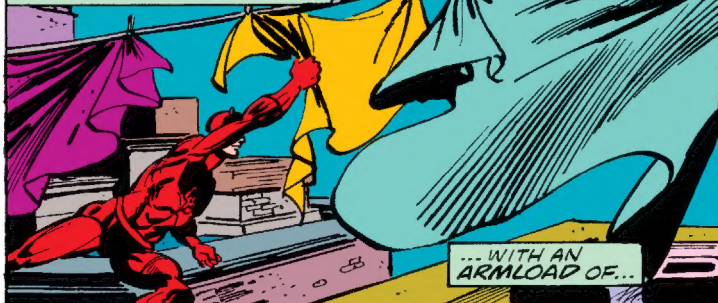
...WHO, ALMOST WITHOUT CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, FOLLOWS THE WAFTING SCENT OF A PARTICULAR DIESEL EXHAUST ACROSS MANHATTAN'S SPRAWLING SKYLINE...

...UNTIL, FAR BELOW, HE HEARS
THE MOURNFUL DIRGE OF POLICE
SIRENS...THE BONE-RATTLING
THUMP OF RUBBER AGAINST
POTHOLED ASPHALT...



...AND SENSES--RATHER THAN
SEES--TWENTY TONS OF STREET
DIRTIED CHROME AND STEEL
POUNDING UP MADISON AVENUE.

TWENTY TONS OF FLASHING,
CRUSHING DEATH THAT A
BLIND MAN SILENTLY VOWS
TO HALT...



...WITH AN
ARMLoad OF...



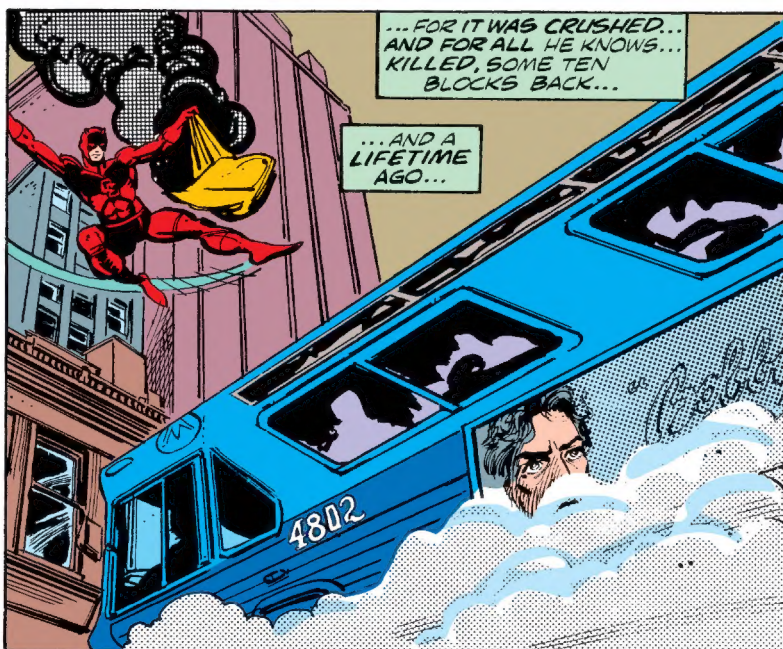
...DAMP
LAUNDRY ?



ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS, HE
COULD HAVE JOKED ABOUT THE
APPARENT ABSURDITY OF HIS HAST-
ILY FORMED PLAN OF ATTACK...



...ANOTHER TIME,
PERHAPS. BUT NOT NOW.
THERE IS NO HUMOR
LEFT HIM...



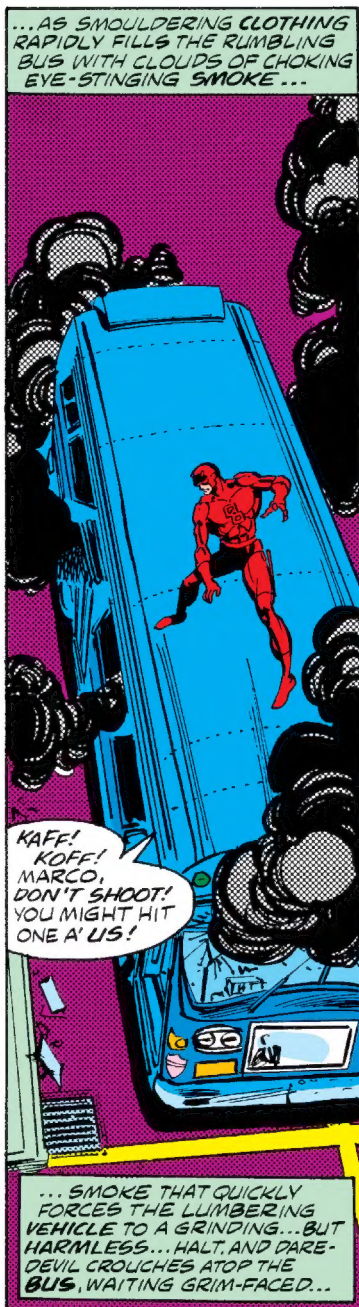
...FOR IT WAS CRUSHED...
AND FOR ALL HE KNOWS...
KILLED, SOME TEN
BLOCKS BACK...

...AND A
LIFETIME
AGO...



HIS AIM IS PERFECT. GIVEN HIS UNIQUE RADAR SENSE, IT COULD BE NO LESS.

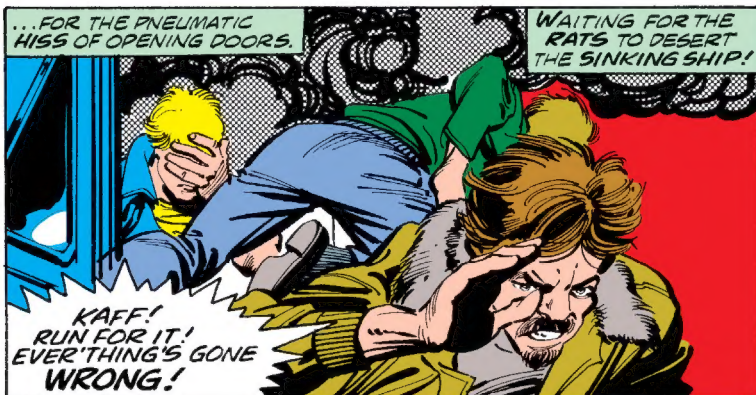
THE SOUND OF A SUDDENLY SHATTERED WINDSHIELD RINGS LOUDLY IN HIS EARS...



...AS SMOULDERING CLOTHING RAPIDLY FILLS THE RUMBLING BUS WITH CLOUDS OF CHOKING EYE-STINGING SMOKE...

KAFF!
KOFF!
MARCO,
DON'T SHOOT!
YOU MIGHT HIT
ONE A' US!

... SMOKE THAT QUICKLY FORCES THE LUMBERING VEHICLE TO A GRINDING...BUT HARMLESS...HALT. AND DARE-DEVIL CROUCHES ATOP THE BUS, WAITING GRIM-FACED...



...FOR THE PNEUMATIC HISS OF OPENING DOORS.

WAITING FOR THE RATS TO DESERT THE SINKING SHIP!

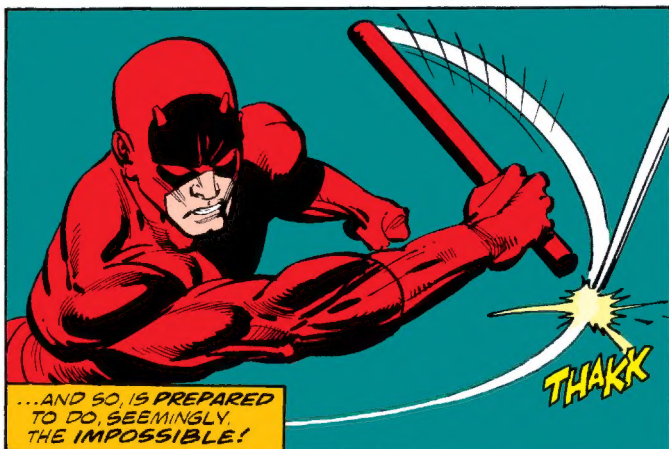
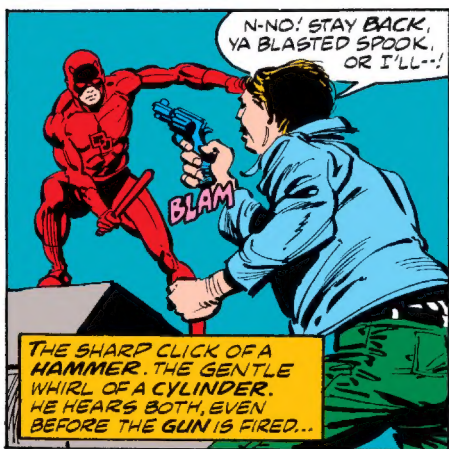
KAFF!
RUN FOR IT!
EVER'THING'S GONE
WRONG!



THEN, ASSURING HIMSELF THAT THE HARRIED PASSENGERS ARE SAFE, HE SWINGS TO THE ATTACK...



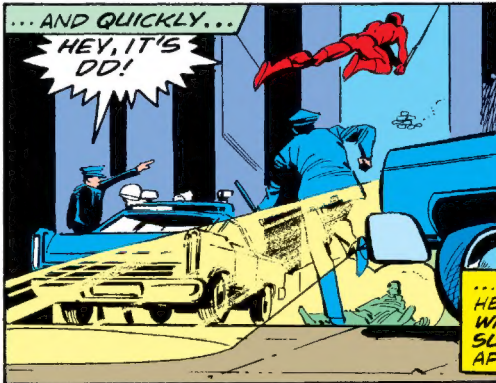
...WITH A VENGEANCE!





THE REST IS ALL TOO EASY.

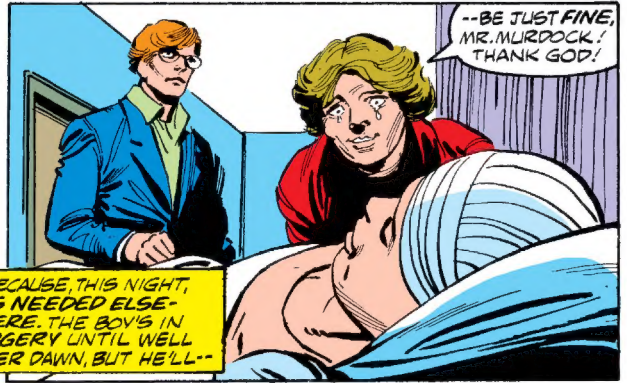
IT ALMOST SEEMS HE CAN HEAR THE MAN'S EYES WIDEN IN FRIGHT BEFORE A SCARLET-GLOVED FIST CLOSES THEM... ROUGHLY... PAINFULLY...



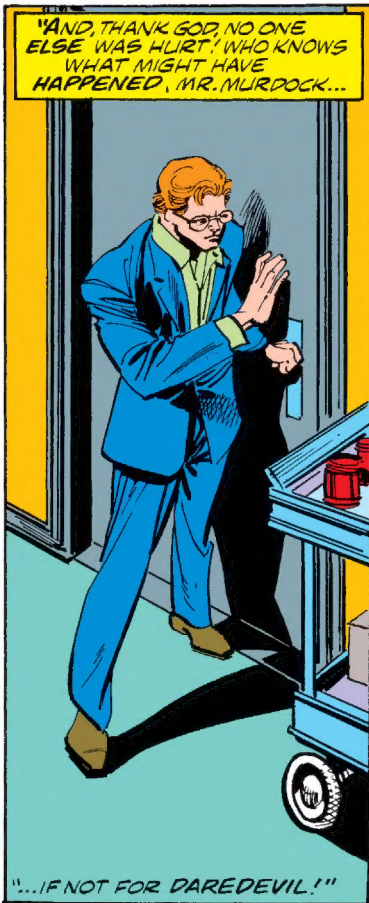
... AND QUICKLY...

HEY, IT'S DD!

... BECAUSE, THIS NIGHT, HE'S NEEDED ELSEWHERE. THE BOY'S IN SURGERY UNTIL WELL AFTER DAWN, BUT HE'LL--



--BE JUST FINE, MR. MURDOCK! THANK GOD!



'AND, THANK GOD, NO ONE ELSE WAS HURT!' WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED, MR. MURDOCK...

"...IF NOT FOR DAREDEVIL!"



YEAH, MAYBE I HAVE MADE MY SHARE OF MISTAKES -- BOTH AS MATT MURDOCK...

... AND DAREDEVIL...

...BUT I'VE DONE A LOT OF GOOD, TOO!



THAT MAY NOT JUSTIFY THE MISTAKES...

... BUT IT DOES MAKE THEM A BIT EASIER TO LIVE WITH!

NEXT: PRISONER!
DD'S MOST OFF-BEAT ADVENTURE EVER!